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II Giuramento.

In the year One thousand four hundred and blank
A lady performed a most singular prank,
For against all precedents any where heard,
The female in question did keep her word;
Which fact is so queer,
You may fancy to hear
How such a phenomenon chanced to appear.

Taormina (the name of a town you must know,
In Lippincott's Gazetteer put down just so,
And not, as Librettos might lead you to think,
A man or a woman, or something to drink)
Taormina, I say,
A Sicilian cité.

Was the scene one time of a brilliant soirée;
Though if the Academy shows it up fair
I'm not very sorry I wasn't asked there,
For it seems a witch Sabbath of frightful old girls
With very thick ankles and very false curls,
And gents who, unvouched for as princes and earls,
Would show a clear cross between cut-throats and churls.

You'd be frighten'd to meet
Such a set in the street,
If the watchman, per custom, was far from his beat.
Which leads us to drop this small inquiry, in—
Why choruses always are ugly as sin?

But while Stelly's upper-ten belledom and beaux,
Are singing away more or less through the nose,
Viscardo (Brignoli) stark straddles ahead,
With his larynx of silver, and pedals of lead.
And makes a great show
Of sighing and wo,

About an old sweetheart, lost some time ago.
Yet methinks all his grief may be all in my eye,
For he's having a very good time on the sly,
With a much fairer lady, hight Colson, that is
Elaisa—which seems the Italian for Lis—
Who's thick too with Count Manfred, unprincipled dame!
She's flirting with both in a deep double game!

And when caught making eyes
At the wrong man, she lies,
And says she's but thinking of dad in the skies,
And a Vow to be paid,
An incognito maid,
Who saved that papa in a John Brownish raid.
But no one was good in that dissolute day,
For the Count, too, behaves like a perfect rouné,
Quite horrid to see in a gent fiancé!

Now a certain Brunoro, at singing a stick,
But in mouthing and gestures, the very old Nick,
Hates Bianca, Manfredo's intended that is,
Since in stealing a kiss, he got slapped on the phis,
So he hints the new bride that his countship has got,
Is the same girl that Viscardo is trying to spot,
Then, to add to the fun,
Tells Eliza she's *done*,
For her lover is off and her rival has won.
Thus, when the fond pair try to bill and to coo,
They suddenly get in no end of a stew,
For Eliza pops in, like a jealous old shrew,
And cries with great *gout*
For the Count and his crew
To settle the hash of the amorous two.

But just as you wait for the mischief's own row,
She finds that Bianca's the girl of her vow,
Whom she's bound to befriend though thick and through thin!
So you see what a pickle Eliza is in!
Then she dowses her jib,
Tells a whopping big fib,
And the Count rests content with his destinate rib,
When the men, in the notion that everything's right,
Stir their stumps to go off on a jolly good fight.

But Cupid soon after will put in his oar,
And get the poor lovers in troubles once more.
So Viscardo the true,
As from battle he flew,
Must needs send his lady a small billet-doux,
Which gets to Manfredo and gives him the cue.
Why won't swains be content with whispers and buases,
And not send these letters to get them in fuses!
For the Count works his soul to a terrible fume,
And shuts up his bride in his family tomb,

And thereupon asks, with politeness surprisin'
She'd drink to his health in a cup of cold pisin!
But Eliza is minding her P's and her Q's,
And her friend, by her aid, prussic acid sechews,
Takes Daffy's elixir and gets a good noose.
But oh! lackaday!
There's the dickens to pay!
Eliza won't live when her beau's gone away,
And thinks that her hopes will be satisfied wholly
If she could only die by the hand of Brignoli!
So tells fib number three,
Says she killed his Amie.
And gets stabbed by her sweetheart as pat as can be.
But,—all lady-killers take note if you please,—
This slaughtering damsel is not the right cheese
For just after the blow,
When the victim cries "O,"
Bianca wakes up and asks what's the go;
So Viscardo finds out in his folly and fury
He's like to be tried by a Coroner's jury.
Then Colson, before she goes off in a fit,
Wants Brignoli to pet her a little wee bit;
But he's under a ban,
The unfortunate man!
Either acting 's a science he never could span,
Or public affection is not in his plan,
So poor Colson dies in the best way she can.

MORAL.

The point of this tale
Remember! don't fail!
It may save you from premature kicking the pail—
Don't swear! yes and may are the best institutions,
And 'tis fearfully rash to make good resolutions!
And ladies! take warning besides, from the rhyme.
Don't favor two lovers at any one time!
You'll be sure to be hurt,
If so greedy a flirt;
And between the two stools you will fall in the dirt!

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

IX. (Continued.)

OPERA.

1700—1800.

June 8th, 1781, another fire destroyed the new opera hall of the Palais-Royal. As after the last work of Rameau, so, one may say, after that of Gluck, the fire was determined to prevent that vaulted roof still echoing to the sublime accords of the master, from being long profaned by the vulgar and paltry airs of his unworthy rivals. Be that as it may, twenty-one human bodies were found in the ruins. Three capuchins perished victims to their duty. Rey, chief of the orchestra, saved with great difficulty the score of his *Coronis* from the flames, and Lefebvre, the librarian, faithful to his post in the danger, did not quit the spot until the last manuscript had been placed in safety. Opera, houseless for sixty-six days, found a refuge in the hall of the Menus-plaisirs, where the *Devin du village* and then *Echo et Narcisse* were reproduced. Lenoir, the architect went rapidly on with a new building; and in less than three months finished the theatre of the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, which was opened to the public Oct. 27, 1781.

To recompense Lenoir, the queen, who had just given birth to a Dauphin, granted him the order of St. Michel, and a pension of 6,000 livres.

From this time to the Revolution of 1789, the

principal successful works performed at the Académie Royale, were:

1. *Colinette à la Cour*, by Gretry, Jan 1, 1782.
2. *Renaud*, by Sacchini, an Italian composer, befriended by the Queen.
3. *Didon*, by Piccini, in which Madame Saint-Huberti gained real triumphs.
4. *La Caravane du Caire*, text by the Comte de Provence, music by Gretry.
5. *Les Danaïdes*, music by Salleri, pupil of Gluck, (1784).
6. *Le Deserteur*, a delicious ballad, by Maximilian Gardel.
7. *Panurge*, a happy work of the Comte de Provence and Gretry.
8. *La Toison d'or*, text Desvieux, music Vogel, (1786).
9. *Edipe à Colone*, a magnificent success for Guillard (text), Sacchini and the actor Cheron.
10. *Tavane*, opera in 5 acts, text Beaumarchais, music Salleri (1787).
11. *Le roi Théodore*, by Paisiello, followed by Cherubini, who was then beating between the styles of Piccini and Gluck.
12. *Les Prétendus*, by Lemoyne, an opera the success of which caused Sacchini to die of chagrin, in his despair at seeing the Queen forced to support, to his detriment, a French rival.
13. Finally, the *Demophon* of Vogel; this opera had a posthumous success, as in case of the *Edipe à Colone*, and in our own times *Les Puritanis* of Bellini, and *Le Pre aux Clercs*, of Herold.

Vogel, worn out by disappointment, died at the age of thirty-two; he had waited seven years to see the ninth performance of the *Toison d'or*, a score of much merit, dedicated to Gluck. Dauvergne, director of the opera, had advanced him the money for his manuscript, to get him out of trouble. Meantime, from 1782, Louis XVI. had paid attention to the Académie; he began by reducing to the half its excessive cost, and, in 1784, he established a number of prizes for operatic texts. Then he bought the theatre of the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, laid a stamp upon music, the revenue of which went towards the expenses of the school of singing and declamation established by the Baron de Breteuil; and in 1787, issued a set of wise ordinances for the regulation of the theatre. But the tempest's voice was heard already growling in the distance; Sept. 20, 1791, the royal family appeared for the last time at the opera. The play was *Castor and Pollux*.

The revolutionary period had begun. July 30, 1790, the actors of the opera executed, in the church of Notre Dame, the *Prise de la Bastille*, a sort of musical drama by Marc Antoine Desaugiers. A profitable reproduction of Rameau's *Castor and Pollux*, retouched by Caudeille, took place June 14, 1791; the liberty of the theatres was proclaimed in the laws of the January 13 and March 2 following.

The actors' names were, for the first time, printed upon the posters, on occasion of the performance of the *Offrande à la Liberté*, an opera-ballet, by Pierre Gardel and Gossec. It was a putting in action of the *Marsellaise*, Mlle. Mail-

lard, placed upon a small mountain, representing Liberty.

From the 1st of April, 1792, the city of Paris ceded the opera to citizens Francoeur and Cellerier, and in 1793,—that year of dark memories,—Hebert made out a list of 22 names, which held the members of the opera within due limits by the fear of the scaffold. They played the *Triomphe de la Republique*, by Chenier; *Siege de Thionville*, by Jadin; *Apotheose de Marat et de Lepelletier*, executed upon the boulevard in front of the opera house. Suddenly, Sept. 16th, Francoeur was imprisoned at La Force, where he remained a year upon an accusation of having put malicious obstacles in the way of bringing out an opera on the subject of the *Passion de Jesus Christ*. Sixteen persons belonging to the theatre perished by violence from 1792 to 1794.

In the midst of these sanguinary horrors, was celebrated in Notre Dame, Dec. 10, 1793, *La Fete de la Raison et de la Liberte*, in which the beautiful Madame Sophie Momoro, the wife of a bookseller, was forced by her husband to represent the principal part. The unhappy creature wept with vexation, and shivered, naked to the public gaze, the thermometer being below freezing point. Next day at four o'clock was a second performance, which terminated in a veritable orgie and in bacchanalian excesses of the lowest kind.

In 1794 were played *Horatius Cocles*, by Arnault and Mehul; a *Sans Culottide*, in 5 acts, a lyric medley, by Maline and Porta, under the title of the *Reunion du 10 Aout*; and the *Rosiere republicaine*, by Marechal and Gretry. On the 8th of June of the same year, Louis David, the painter, and Maximilian Robespierre had caused to be performed an ambulatory ballet in the public squares, entitled *Fete a l'Etre supreme*, (Festival in honor of the Supreme Being!). A hymn, text by Desorgues, music by Gossec, beginning with the words, *Pere de l'Univers*, was distributed gratis in thousands of copies among the people.

That was a time of hymns of every sort; *le Chant du depart* by J. Chenier and Mehul, was contrasted with the *Reveil du peuple*, music by Pierre Gaveaux. A decree of Jan. 4, 1796 forbade the singing of the latter piece, as being tainted with royalism.

That was surely an extraordinary period in which we find behind the scenes of the opera, the Marquis de Louvais, performing the functions of assistant machinist, Perne and Villoteau, men worthy of seats in the Institute, reduced to the humble employment of singing in choruses.

After the fall of Robespierre, the architects Cellerier and Fontaine caused the busts of Marat and Lepelletier, which had been placed (Oct. 23, 1793,) in the proscenium of the opera, to be destroyed; and, Aug. 7, following, the theatre was transferred to the Rue Richelieu, upon the site of the hotel Louvais, by virtue of a decree of the committee of public safety, dated April 14, 1794.

It is said that Henriot, a believer in the uselessness of reading, had expressed the hope, in supporting this proposition, that through the vicinity of a building so likely to be destroyed by fire, his horrible motion to burn the Library, might thus be effected.

With the change of place the opera changed its name to Theatre des Arts. Now, for the first, seats were placed in the parterre. Masked balls were introduced Dec. 20, 1796, but no novelty

was produced during the sixteen months from Aug. 10, 1795 to Jan. 17, 1797. On this day Gretry obtained a splendid success by his *Anacreon*, which was produced with the celebrated singer, Lays. Worthy of remark were an air of the tyrant Polycrate, sung by Adrien, and a solo for clarinet, played to perfection by Lefevre. The public became gradually disgusted with the eternal performance of republican plays, and the old operas again came upon the stage; purified, however, by democratic arrangers.

July 28, 1798, the performances were suspended upon occasion of the triumphal entry of the works of art from Italy—the plunder of Gen. Bonaparte. The entire operatic troop figured in the procession. After being closed some two months, the theatre, splendidly refitted, opened its doors again, when Mlle. Chevalier made her first appearance in the part of Antigone. She was afterward the celebrated Madame Branchu.

In 1799 the concerts of Garat, Rode and Duvernoy brought receipts to the amount of 15,000 francs.

June 4, *Adrien*, by Hoffman and Mehul, had a fair reception; Mehul was an imitator of Gluck; he had not yet risen to the height which he afterwards attained. The salaries of the *premiers sujets*, which, in 1776, were 6,000 livres, were now raised to 12,000 francs. At this time the principal singers were Cheron, Lays, Lainez, and Mesdames Maillard, Cheron and Latour; dancers, Vestris, Milon, Gogon and Miles. Clotilde, Chevigny and Gardel. Catel was accompanist, and Rey head of the orchestra.

Nov. 11, 1799 was the second day after the 18th Brumaire. The opera was *Les Pretendus*, and the words of the quartet struck the entire audience. As Julie and her lover sang "Victoire! victoire eclatante!" the applause was great. The *Pretendus* reply "C'est notre retraite qu'on chante." The applause became furious when the latter added to their refusal, "Mais attendez au moins que nous soyons partis."

Nov. 27, *Hero et Leandre*, a ballet in one act, by Milon, had a complete success, Mlle. Ninette Duport made her first appearance in the part of *Amour*, and Mlle. Clotilde-Pallas danced the pyrrhic with a grace only equalled by her vigor and nobleness of mien.

Finally, Dec. 31, 1799, there was a grand reproduction of *Armide*, upon a scale of vast luxury and splendor. The price of the tickets for amphitheatre and orchestra was raised to 10 francs for the first three representations.

Armand Vestris made his first appearance in the *Caravane*, being brought forward by his father and his uncle—a new triumph for that family. Cellerier was now joined by Devismes and by Bonet de Treiches, an ex member of the convention, in the direction of the opera.

We have omitted to mention that upon the 20th of March, 1793, a translation of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* had been produced. This masterpiece, so very successful at a later period, was not at first comprehended. True the delicate music of this master of masters, must have been in singular contrast to that of the *Apotheose de Beaupaire* or the *Siege de Thionville*. Mozart had been in Paris from the 23d of March to the end of October, 1778, but had been unable to obtain the composition of any work for the stage. In one of his letters he writes: "It is

very difficult to find a good text, the old ones, which are the best, are not framed after the modern style, and the new ones are good for nothing; for poetry, the only thing of which the French may be proud, is declining daily; and it is just here that the poetry ought to be good, since they knew nothing of music. There are but two texts which would suit me. The first, in two acts, is *Alexandre et Roxane*. The second, in three acts, is *Demophon*, translated from Metastasio, diversified by choruses and ballets, and adapted to the French stage. If they should order an opera of me, I should have much to trouble me; but that causes me little disquietude; I am already used to that. And then this wretched French language is abominable for music. It is really a pity. German is divine in comparison. And the singers, God God! They do not deserve the name, for they do not sing; they scream, they howl with full strength of lungs, through their throats and noses." We see, that the opinions of this Raphael of music, expressed in 1778, are perfectly apt to our own epoch.

Music and Musical Criticism.

SCUDO ON VERDI—CIMAROSA'S MATRIMONIO SEGRETO—THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS.

I.

(Continued from page 404.)

The sweet spring has suddenly departed; clouds have passed over the bright sun; the soft west wind has changed and become fitful and moaning; heavy gray clouds come looming up around the horizon, and the little hound terrier grows restless and wakeful.

We have searched out and dwelt on all our favorite passages in this lovely Opera. The "*E vero che in casa*," which makes one think of Mozart and of Gretry's saying that Cimarosa put the pedestals in the orchestra, and the statue on the stage, while Mozart did just the opposite.

In this passage, the orchestral pedestal is covered with such lovely relieves, that the petulant little Fidama statue is comparatively quiet.

The sun was beaming very brightly when we enjoyed that cantabile movement of Carolina, in which she expresses her short lived, but honest indignation at the

"Disgrazia meschinella!
Io rival di mia sorella!"

Such exquisite taste is displayed in this. A Verdi would have thrown this "*Deh lasciate ch'io respiro*" into an "*Ercles vein*;" but the discreet Cimarosa knew how such a quiet little woman as Carolina ought to express her indignation; it was not of the Bohemienne or even the poor artist form, "full of sound and fury, often signifying nothing" alas!—but the quiet expression of a conventional anger, that always means something.

And here we have come to the Farinelli duo finale, just as the window has to be lowered, the fire stirred up, and the sombre grey of February winter accepted after all the sweet hopeful promise of the morning. So we shut up the opera book, put it back on the music shelf, take up the fretful little terrier who is protesting in howls as sharp as M. Scudio's criticisms against the music, and return to the magazine article.

Ah! here we come across some other musical people we know of—Mario and Ronconi. They sang in November, at the Theatre Italien, in the *Barber of Seville*. Mario still looks young, Scudo says; but his voice, which might formerly have softened the hearts of savage beasts, can do so no longer. He possesses only a few notes, now, of that fine key board which was once his; he shortens his passages, breathes at every syllable, and often sings false.

Ronconi, too, who has not sung in Paris for a decade of years, shows alas! that he is human. His "*Figaro*" Scudo pronounces a burlesque, and he says the fastidious Parisian audience were

little pleased with the attempt which he and Mario made, of putting a lively little dialogue in the place of Rossini's music.

The troupe of the Théâtre Italien has some familiar names in it: Mmes Albani, Penco and Battu. The *chef d'orchestre*, M. Bonnetti, is sadly displeasing to M. Scudo. He only understands Verdi's music, and such an one is not a good *chef d'orchestre*.

"We shall never cease repeating this common place truth," he says; "the power of music, as that of all arts, consists in the careful observation of shades; without this attention to the delicate lights and shadows, which make up the character of a work, music is no more than gross effects of rhythm and sonorosity, which soon fatigue us."

At the French Opera, there appeared in October, a singer who delighted the Philadelphians one bright spring some ten years or so ago—Tedesco. We remember, she was the prima donna of a Havana troupe, which troupe left, as its musical waves swept back, Perelli, high and dry on the shores of our amateur musical society. He gave up the training of gay young Tedesco opera singers, and took to teaching the young Miss Grundys "to aggravate their voices," so that, like "sweet bully Bottom," "They could roar you as gently as any sucking dove, aye, an 'twere any nightingale."

In the meanwhile, his buxom Tedesco pupil has grown and waxed strong in fame and voice. Scudo says she is a placid, good humored singer, who never gets in a passion; she never tries "the Erceles vein the part to tear a cat in, to make all things split;" she preserves religiously her fine voice and health, which are both as fresh as if no fatal decade of years had passed over them.

She lacks only one thing to make of her a great dramatic singer, — that which Roland's horse needed—*un certo non so che*, a soul, a spirit, a breath, as the Bible calls it.

In M. Scudo's passing notice of the Theatre Lyrique he makes this characteristic remark *apropos* of Gluck's Orpheus:

"In the order of sensations which the Fine Arts give us, the romance in Orpheus, 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice,' and the music in the Elysian scene, second act, are worth more, yes, count more in the sight of God and man, than thirty other operas I could name. But we must submit to circumstances and acknowledge that in this life as in the other, there is a little circle of elect for whom alone are destined certain works of the human mind."

Southern European as M. Scudo is—Venetian we believe—he works and thinks more like an Anglo-Saxon than a "foreigner." He is the Ruskin music critic of the present day, full of prejudices and dogmatism but he has also healthy, true enthusiasm, and a great deal of tender feeling. He is a strong, suggestive writer, of information and culture, and however one may differ from him, it must be admitted that he is honest, and endeavors as much as lies in his power, to fulfil his own definition of the critic's mission—"to awaken public conscience to protest against evil, excite and encourage true talent generously, and prevent corrupt forms of art from making artists forget things which are eternally true."

Where he fails it arises from inherent defects in his earnest, true nature; defects which are like spots in the sun, springing from the very brightness of his eager, warm temperament.

All reformers, it has been said, must be like the entering wedges in wood-splitting, made of strong, coarse material; and the true critic must have the ardor and heart of youth with the head of age, and a face like Dante's astrologers, turned backward forever toward the tradition of the past.

M. Scudo concludes the article as follows:

"In terminating this chronicle of '*faits accomplis*,' in the art of Mozart and Rossini, would that we could add the report of some good news which the future has in reserve for us. From what side of the horizon shall rise up the man predestined to renew vital forms and to communicate to art, which is degenerating more and more, the fertil-

izing impulse of which it has so much need?"

"Shall it be regenerated Italy, Germany or France that shall give birth to this prophet of nations, this ideal musician, who shall put to flight the cobblers and tinkers who overwhelm us with their rough, shabby work? From whatever place this revealer of a new beauty shall arise, he shall be welcome. We are dying of ennui and inanition; mediocrity oppresses us. Reputations which depend on merit about as deep as the surface given by veneering or electrotyping, are becoming a scandal to, and turning the consciences of people of taste.

"There is a difficulty in defending oneself against the corruption of the crowd which invades the theatres and concert halls. It seems that the very soul has lost its power of assertion; that there is a mercenary politeness towards individuals shown, and unworthy arrangements for mere interest's sake are being made, all of which take from us the courage to love boldly that which is beautiful, or repulse that which is ugly.

"We no longer dare blame or hate anything, and all mental works whatever may be their merit are received with an equal benevolence, which kills emulation and discourages true talent."

Thus we see that even among the fastidious Parisians there is as much cause for complaint of the insincerity and worthlessness of public opinion, as we may have fancied was peculiar to our own country, and which has been curiously peculiar to every *aujourd'hui*, from the days of the Athenians to the present.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Death of Eugene Scribe.

The North Briton brings us intelligence of the death of the most celebrated and prolific of modern dramatic authors—Augustine Eugene Scribe—to whom, more than to any other one man, the modern French stage owes its popularity and preëminence, and to whose facile pen and ingenious brain, English and American dramatists are so frequently indebted for the plots and incidents which they palm off as original.

We have as yet received no particulars as to the death of this distinguished writer, but merely the bare announcement of his decease. He was quite an old man, having been born in the Rue St. Denis, Paris, on the 24th of December, 1792. His father, who was a prosperous silk-mercer, sent Eugene to the college of St. Barbe, where he showed his aptitude in the line in which he afterwards achieved so high a rank. When twenty-one years old he wrote his first composition for the stage—a vaudeville for the Gynmnase—and for nearly half a century since that time he has written incessantly, his works including some twenty-five comedies, over one hundred and fifty vaudevilles and as many operas. He was a member of the French Academy, and had received decorations from almost every sovereign in Europe.

To give a list of the successful plays of Scribe would fill a column. So perfectly did he understand all the details and minutiae of stage life, and so familiar was he with the effect of dramatic incident and stage situation, that his later works never failed, and very many of them have been again and again translated and played under different titles at the various theatres in this country and England. But Scribe is known here quite as much from his opera librettos as from his plays. Almost all the great operas produced by other than purely Italian composers are based on his plots and language. With Auber and Meyerbeer he has long been a literary partner, and he has also been associated with Verdi, Halevy and Donizetti. The librettos of the "Star of the North," "Robert le Diable," "Le Prophète," "Pardon de Ploermel," "Sicilian Vespers" (composed by Verdi for the French opera), "Masaniello," "Gustave III." (and through that, of the "Ballo in Maschera"), and indeed almost all of Auber's works, and Halevy's "Magicienne," "Tempesta," and "La Juive," are samples of the extraordinary versatility of Scribe. They prove that, admirable and popular as he was in comedy, his talent was by no means confined to this; for there are scenes and situations in these opera plots which are unsurpassed in the entire range of modern drama. For instance, the great cathedral scene in the "Prophet," in which John of Leyden, without speaking to her, makes his mother deny her son; the scenes with Robert, Bertram and Alice in "Robert le Diable," and several situations in "La Juive."

The last work of Scribe was a comic opera, in three acts, to which Auber composed the music, the entire affair thus being the result of the joint labors of a septuagenarian and an octogenarian, for Scribe was seventy and Auber over eighty years old when they produced "La Circassienne," which was first played at Paris about six weeks since. Yet, both words and music are as fresh and happy as though Scribe and Auber were in the prime of life, or rather the hey-day of youth. Perhaps the world will never see again such a remarkable pair of "young old men" as these. Paris critics term "La Circassienne" a veritable model of a comic opera.

Oscar Comettant, who will be remembered as having passed some years as a pianist in New York, and who is now connected with the Paris *Art Musical*, relates a recent interview with Auber.

"It is a difficult and thankless trade," said the author of Masaniello, "this of a musical composer. To practically succeed so as to enjoy the fruits of one's labor requires both luck and talent; and, generally, more of the former than of the latter."

"But good luck usually follows real talent," said Comettant.

"Not always," replied Auber; myself, for instance to whom many people award some little merit——"

"It is deserved," interrupted the other.

"Very well," continued Auber, smiling. "I owe whatever reputation I may enjoy the coöperation of M. Scribe."

"This is but modesty on your part."

"It is justice. If, after my first few failures, I had not made the acquaintance of Scribe, whose admirable facility lent itself readily to musical fancies, and who often wrote his words to music I had composed in advance, I am convinced that fortune would not have treated me like a pet child, as it has frequently done. Yes, my fortune is M. Scribe himself."

Scribe has been also the fortune of Meyerbeer, Halevy, and of theatrical managers all over the world. Nor was fortune chary of favors to himself. He received a princely income from his works, had his hotel at the French capital, his domain in the country, and an elegant villa at Mendon, near Paris. Scarcely a man of the present generation could have prepared a more delightful autobiography. For years he had mingled with the best literary and musical society of Europe, and associated intimately with the leading celebrities of his age. It is to be hoped that a man who has enjoyed such unusual facilities has left behind him materials for a memoir which could not fail to prove lively and interesting.

Bristow's New Oratorio.

The New York *Albion*, which is usually chary and cautious in its praise, speaks in the following terms of this new work!

On the same evening Mr. Bristow's new oratorio, "Praise to God," was repeated, for the second time, at Irving Hall. We designate the work in accordance with the composer's classification, but without, in the slightest degree, recognizing the word "Oratorio" as properly used in this connection. A sacred drama, having action, or, at least, a dramatic contrast of emotions, is what we regard as an Oratorio. This, most assuredly, is not the characteristic of the Song of Praise in the Episcopal service. The responsibility, however, rests with Mr. Bristow. He uses the word to describe an entertainment of an sacred character. So be it.

Mr. Bristow does not occupy the position in American Art that he is fairly entitled to. He is not only the best composer the country has produced, but the only one (except Mr. Fry) whose works have crossed the Atlantic. For these facts he should be famous, instead of remaining comparatively obscure. When Jullien was here, Mr. Bristow was one of the first to enjoy his kindly appreciation. The good hearted conductor not only brought out some of his works, but actually made a speech about their merit; and so honestly was he convinced on this subject that shortly afterwards, when he returned to London, the same productions were revived to a Metropolitan audience, and we believe with success. The Pyne and Harrison troupe secured an opera from Mr. Bristow, and "Rip Van Winkle" enjoyed much popularity. It was to have been brought out out in London, but other works have crowded it from the bills, although it still occupies the most favored place in the repertoire of the company. In addition to what Mr. Bristow has thus accomplished, he is the author of many miscellaneous pieces, and finally of the so-called Oratorio, "Praise to God." There is no country in the civilized world where sacred music occupies so low a station as it does here. If we go into the churches we hear frivolous music, sung by a quartet of voices, and accompanied by an organist who would be rapturously appreciated in a lager beer cellar. John Wesley could not assert now that the devil has all the best tunes. If we go into the Concert room we hear, once a year, the "Messiah," and semi-occasionally a Cantata, performed in a rudimentary manner by a small number of ladies who are no doubt highly respectable and delightful companions, but hardly first class artists even in a choral point of view. Of that hearty enthusiasm for sacred music which prevails everywhere in England, and which frequently embarrasses the conductor with the amount of resources at his command, there is absolutely none. It will be seen then that Mr. Bristow's self imposed task has been a matter of love rather than prospective profit. And the more we examine the work, the more we become convinced of this fact. Every page reveals the devotion of a classicist who has studied thoroughly the school in which he belongs and believes implicitly in its tenets. Those who expect to discover innovations of style and form, such as characterized some parts of Mr. Costa's "Eli," will be

disappointed. Mr. Bristow's ideas are fresh and original—singularly unborrowed indeed—but his manner of conveying them is identical with that adopted a century ago. We do not say that he is wrong in adhering to the old plan; we do not even pretend that it can be materially changed. But in the present day, when Art is moving onward with giant stride, it is at least curious to come across a work that ignores progress, and boldly swears by the models of the past. Judged by these same models, Mr. Bristow's work deserves to rank high. There are some choruses in it, which, in boldness of outline and happiness of general completion, would not suffer by being compared with the best Handel, the master of the art, has left us. The concerted pieces are frequently very good, although, as there is no dramatic interest in the poem, the responses are mere alliterations, having none other than harmonic significance. The *solos* are, musically considered, in advance of the other portions of the work, and although somewhat cold in their character, are laid out more in accordance with the modern idea of that just balance of phrases which should constitute a melody than we are apt to find elsewhere. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Bristow rambles occasionally, even as Handel did, and without seeming to have the slightest apprehension of the singer who is to interpret his thought; thus we find the bass running the gauntlet from E below the bass staff to E on the second line above, a sweep which will not always be rendered as clearly as it was by Mr. Thomas on Thursday. Our space is now so limited that we must accord our verdict in the fewest possible words. Here it is: Mr. Bristow's Oratorio is the best work of its kind that we have heard or seen, after the great masters. It is not a progressive work. It accepts as a truism that Handel was right and absolutely perfect. It does not try to get away from Handel, but, on the contrary, draws closer to him in every great emergency. Judged then by the Handelian standard, Mr. Bristow's "Praise to God," deserves to rank as a great production.

Music.

Strange how the mystically mingled sound
Of voices rising from these rifted rocks
And unseen valleys—whence no organ ever
Thundered harmonious its stupendous notes,
Nor pointed arch, nor low-browed darksome aisle,
Rolled back their mighty music—seems to me
An ocean vast, divinely undulating,
Where bathed in beauty, floats the enraptured soul:
Now borne on the translucent deep, it skirts
Some dazzling bank of amaranthine flowers,
Now on a couch of odors east supine,
It pants beneath o'erpowering redolence:—
Buoyant anon on a rejoicing surge,
It heaves, on tides tumultuous, far aloft,
Until it verges on the cope of heaven,
Whence issued, in their unity of joy,
The anthems of the earth creating Morn:
Yielding again to an entrancing slumber,
In sweet abandonment, it glideth on
To amber caves and emerald palaces,
Where the lost Seraphs—welcomed by the main—
Their lyres suspended in their time of sorrow,
Amid the deepening glories of the flood;
There the rude revels of the boistrous winds
The tranquillous waves afflict not, nor dispart
The passionate claspings of their azure arms.

[Motherwell.]

Music Abroad.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—From all parts of the great capitals of Europe we have accounts of the brilliant success of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," so well received at our Academy of Music. At Naples the superintendent of the theatres has written to Verdi, asking him to come and assist in the production of the "Ballo," which was written for the San Carlos theatre, but forbidden by the Bourbon censors. If Verdi accepts the invitation, the work will be sung in Naples by Medori, soprano, Dory, contralto, Negrini, tenor, and Coletti, baritone. At Rome, where the Pontifical government has suspended the representations both of *Travatore* and *Travita*, and where the "Ballo" was first produced, this latter opera has been revived, with Bendazzi, Tati, the tenor Gaziani, and the baritone Bartilini. The success of the opera has been greater this winter than last, and the singers have been called before the curtain twenty times each night. At Milan the "Ballo" is in rehearsal for the *debut* of the baritone Butti. At Lisbon the popular opera has been sung by Madame Frizzi, Miss Hensler and others. At Barcelona it has been produced with a splendid cast, including Carozzi-Zucchi, Brambilla and Naudin. At Paris, with Penco, Alboni, Badiali and Mario, it has met with the same success. Musard has introduced his "Ballo in Maschera" quadrilles at his concerts, and Oscar Comettant, the pianist, well known here, has written a *caprice de salon* for the piano, on themes

from the new opera. Indeed, the "Ballo in Maschera" promises to become Verdi's greatest hit.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Albion* gives the following account of Auber's new opera *La Circassienne*:

I pass therefore to the *Opéra Comique*; and in assisting at the representation of *La Circassienne*, we have not quite done with carnivalesque disguises, though I need not go through the libretto of this last work of Messrs. Scribe and Auber. It is a tissue of improbabilities and impossibilities in which one sees a painter sent by the Emperor of Russia to take out-of-door sketches in the midst of a rigorous winter and in a country where one must camp beneath snow and ice; and in which one makes acquaintance with a Sultan and the customs of a Harem, such as are exclusively known to Mr. Scribe himself. The tricks of the author of the "Crown Diamonds" cannot be analysed; every one knows that he has reduced dramatic art to a series of surprises sprung upon you. *La Circassienne* is the work of a veteran and belongs to a libertine age; but it is a remarkable instance of what may be effected by an unrestrained imagination, seconded by a wondrous knowledge of the stage and by a dramatic tact absolutely consummate.

But it is not the piece—neither the prose or verse of Mr. Scribe—that draws me to the *Opéra Comique*. It is the music of Mr. Auber, of that remarkable man whom I meet taking his daily promenade on the Boulevards, and who, at the age of 79, has more of youth in him than the young men of to-day. His last opera, the thirty-ninth that he has written if I don't mistake, contains a number of "motifs," agreeable, lively, piquant, and artfully disposed. It is not passionate music; it does not carry you away; but there is something sprightly and charming in it, as in Voltaire's small pieces of verse. Far inferior to "Fra Diavolo" and to the "Domino Noir," *La Circassienne* is a work that I place about on a level with "L'Haydée." The overture, without ranking with the best, is destined to become soon popular; and it closes with a waltz movement, slow and voluptuous, which occurs again in the second act of the opera, and which forms indeed the most original and the best-relished page. All the first act is delicious, and the only fault in the work is that its musical interest becomes more feeble as it progresses. The law of *crescendo* should always be observed, but one can forgive an octogenarian not being faithful to it, seeing that in so many instances he has shown how well he can follow it.

At the *Theatre Lyrique*, has been given Mr. Clapissin's 3 act opera, *Madame Grégoire*, the heroine of Béranger, so dear to lovers of song. The joyous old gossip of the poet is singularly metamorphosed in the piece, and has not inspired in any extraordinary manner the author of "La Fanchonnette." It is true that, in losing Madame Miolan Carvalho, the *Theatre Lyrique* has lost its nightingale.

At the *Opéra the Tannhäuser* is in active rehearsal, and it will soon break forth with its explosions of trombones and instruments germanico-philosophico-democratic. Already Liszt has arrived in Paris, where all the "musicians of the future" have agreed to meet, to swell the triumph of their king-prophet, Richard Wagner. Waiting my doom to undergo these deafening tempests, or these instrumental riches destined to hide a great paucity of ideas and a plentiful lack of invention, I continue to enjoy to the full the splendid concerts of the Conservatoire, the delightful *Matinée musicales* of the violinist Alard, and the soirées of Jules Schunhoff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 23, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. VIII.

ROYAL ORCHESTRA SINFONIE CONCERTS.

Berlin, Feb. 1861.

In the distribution of the elements it has been usual to assign to the Germans the kingdom of the air. It must be confessed that they administer it very badly. It is not enough to say, that

they ignore the air; they seem to positively hate it, and try altogether to exclude it. They abhor it, as nature does a vacuum. They have the same proud affection for this kingdom of theirs, and rule it with the same tender mercy, that Phillip I. did the Netherlands; they smoke out any vital atom of it as composedly and cruelly as that benign and gracious monarch, that innocent, sublime Defender of the Faith, burned the souls out of his live subjects. They do not condescend to persuade the world, as they have long since persuaded themselves—they tranquilly assume it as a settled principle, and act accordingly, (at your expense, however much you may protest), that human lungs were never made to breathe fresh air, but only to inhale tobacco smoke. Every breath that man drew previous to this state of grace, which came in with the discovery of "the weed," was hopelessly profane and subject, of course, to the condemnation of the natural man. This is the chief weapon wherewith they arm themselves against the Legion that lurks invisible in the unsanctified circumambient element. This is one way they have of keeping order in their kingdom; the sovereign method of fumigation and extinction. This is one way by which they fancy they maintain due subordination among the subtle, dangerous spirits of the air. And so in every little *coupé* of the railroad train, in every place of waiting, every café concert, every *kneip* and supper room, in all streets, and especially in dense crowds going in and out of places, the inevitable cigar is lighted; and the denser the smoke, the stronger and more disagreeable the smell, the better for you, so you seem to read in the complacent smile of your tormentors. (It reminds one of the answer of the boy in one of our backwoods States, who was expostulated with for watering his horse in a muddy ditch: "Why sir, the dirtier you get it into him the better for him, so as the animal don't complain!") With this difference, though: that you, poor victim of the smoke diet, may complain all day by every pantomimic sign and gesture of annoyance and distress, and your seasoned German, who is so exquisitely unflinchingly polite in a thousand technical superfluous ways, who takes his hat off to you on the least occasion, begs your pardon without any provocation, and who cannot take up a newspaper laying three yards off from you without saying "By your leave, sir," and "are you not reading it," or enter a seat half a dozen from you without first asking you if it is *besetzt* (reserved for a friend of yours),—will smoke in your face and smother you so that you cannot talk with him, sociably inclined as he may show himself, without ever betraying the least symptom of a suspicion on his part that it is possible to be selfish or uncivil in the exercise of the smoking prerogative, or possible that any human individual can be otherwise than benefited by what comforts him. Tacitly and as a matter of course he demands your sympathy, if not your participation, in this odorous protest against Nature. It does seem as if Nature on the other hand, with subtle satire, had anticipated her revenge in this very invention of the cigar to be the type and correspondence of selfishness, just as the lily is of Purity, the violet of Friendship, and soon. Walk under the Lindens and meet the sallow insolent face, with knit brows, fierce or anxious eyes, hurried and important gait, mingled look of defiance and uncomfortableness, rush-

harp, And let all flesh,.... wor - ship the Lord,
Lied, und al - les fleisch,.... lo - be den Herrn,

flesh,.... wor - ship the Lord,
fleisch,.... lo - be den Herrn,

harp, And let all flesh wor - ship the Lord, Praise the Lord with lute and
Lied, und al - les fleisch lo - be den Herrn, lobt den Herrn mit Sal - ten -

harp, And let all flesh,.... wor - ship the Lord, Praise the
Lied, und al - les fleisch,.... lo - be den Herrn, lobt den

Praise the Lord with lute and harp, Praise the Lord, Praise the
lobt den Herrn mit Sal - ten - spiel, lobt den Herrn, lobt den

And let all flesh Praise the Lord, Praise the
und al - les fleisch lobt den Herrn, lobt den

harp, Praise the Lord,.... Praise the Lord,....
spiel, lobt den Herrn, lobt den Herrn,....

Lord,.... with lute and harp, Praise the Lord, Praise the
Herrn,.... mit eu - rem Lied, lobt den Herrn, lobt den

Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the
Herrn, lobt den Herrn, lobt den Herrn, lobt den

Lord, Praise the Lord, the Lord, Praise the Lord, the
Herrn, lobt den Herrn, den, Herr, lobt den Herrn, den

Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the
Herrn, lobt den Herrn, lobt den Herrn, lobt den

Lord,
Herrn,

All that has life and breath,
Al - les was O - dem hat

Lord,
Herrn,

All that has life and breath, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord,
Al - les was O - dem hat, lo - be den Herrn, lo - be den Herrn,

Lord,
Herrn,

All that has life and breath, Sing to the Lord,
Al - les was O - dem hat, lo - be den Herrn,

Sing to the Lord, All that has life and breath, Sing to the Lord, All that has
lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was

All that has life and breath, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, All that has
Al - les was O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn, lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was

Sing to the Lord, All that has life and breath, Sing to the Lord, All that has
lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was

Sing to the Lord, All that has life and breath, Sing to the Lord, All that has
lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn, Al - les was

life and breath, Sing to the Lord,
O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn,

life and breath, Sing to the Lord,
O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn,

life and breath, Sing to the Lord,
O - dem hat lo - be den Herrn,

ff *p*

Molto più moderato ma con fuoco. Met. J = 104.
f SOPRANO SOLO.

Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit, and... my in - most soul praise His great loving kindness;
Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le, und... was in mir ist sei - nen hei - li - gen na - men,

CORO, 2 Soprani.

CORO, 2 Alti.

pp

Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit, and... my in - most soul praise His
Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le, und... was in mir ist sei - nen

Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit,
Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le,

Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit,
Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le,

Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit,
Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le,

Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit,
Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le,

f p

great lov-ing kind - ness, Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit, and for-get thou
 hei - li - gen Na - men, Lo - be den Herrn, meine See - le und ver-giss es

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics in English and German. Below it are four staves: three empty vocal staves and one piano accompaniment staff. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

not. and for-get thou not, for-get thou not all His be - ne - fits. Praise thou the
 nicht. und ver-giss es nicht, ver-giss nicht was er dir Gutes ge - than Lo - be den

f Tutti.

Praise thou the
 Lo - be den

f Tutti.

Praise thou the
 Lo - be den

f Tutti.

Praise thou the
 Lo - be den

f Tutti.

Praise thou the
 Lo - be den

Tutti.

The second system of the musical score continues with vocal staves and piano accompaniment. It includes multiple instances of the phrase 'Praise thou the Lord' in both English and German, marked with 'f Tutti.' (forte tutti). The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

ing past you with the inevitable cigar cloud (of the meanest quality, perhaps, but not the mildest) streaming full in your eyes and nostrils, and does he not look to you the incarnation of low arrogance and selfishness? What cares he for you or anybody, as he steams along completely fortified in the rank cloud which he diffuses round him to shut out your sphere? You go to buy your ticket at the railroad office, and in the eager crowd that besets the window you have a bad cigar thrust into your face on one side, and a vile pipe on the other, at the risk of fire as well as smoke, all which you must endure or yield your place to such well armed competitors and after-comers. Or you stand admiring before some fine engraving that has caught your eye in one of those rich windows on the Lindens, and presently a fellow with a cigar—a gentleman perhaps?—pushes before you without ceremony and supplants you; in vain for you to contend against such odds; he has the advantage over you; he fights instinctively with the same weapon as a certain formidable little animal does that shall be nameless.

But, good friends, let us—we who love a world well aired, and do not like smoked suppers nor smoked symphonies (such as one gets at Liebig's)—let us not be selfish in our turn. Some smokers are not selfish; some are genial, generous and noble; just the best fellows in the world; poets, artists, men of genius even, who, if they love to draw the soothing, fragrant cloud and halo round them, do it to exclude the petty cares, the acrid consciousness, the staring prose and common place of the confusing and impertinently near-to-day; that so they may isolate themselves in a poetic atmosphere and realize the glorious, tranquil freedom of the soul, and that the soul may have as it were a canvas whereupon to breathe its exquisite ideals, be they music, poetry or picture, for the delight and inspiration of us all. The humblest of us have the element of of genius in us, if we are not geniuses—inasmuch as we have souls—and can therefore appreciate and need a comfort of this sort. Joy to any mortal who finds comfort in it, so long as he can do so with due decency and a regard for others.

But this is wandering with a vengeance. Actually in the midst of a moral essay on tobacco, when our theme was music! We began with air; but music is made of air. To come one step nearer to our subject. Smoke, we have said, is one way in which the Germans rule their kingdom of the air as if they would exterminate it. Their other way is, to confine it until it be dead; to carefully exclude all quickening draughts of fresh air. Of ventilation they will stubbornly know nothing. Their ever present terror is a draught; so they keep out of the air as much as possible, that they be as unfit for it as possible, whenever they must come into it. So you must endure the martyrdom of closed windows in cars, and more than a summer heat without a vitalizing breath of summer air in lecture rooms and concert halls and theatres. However spacious and however splendid, it is at the risk of suffocating that you sit through the grandest operas or symphonies in these halls, unless you happen to be fortunately placed. In crowded rooms, in close, stale air, the famous university professors hold their lectures, as if one must cease to inhale breath before he can imbibe ideas; as if the brain became a better passive recipient of doctors' lore

by cutting off its vitalizing supplies of oxygen. You wonder if the German is as afraid of pure water as he is of air? Pray do not ask.

And now we have reached our subject. The "Sinfonie Concerts" of the Royal Kapelle, or Orchestra, in Berlin, are perhaps the best of the kind that Germany or the whole world affords. They are given in a moderate sized concert room in the Royal Opera House, architecturally the most exquisite and tastefully rich room for the purpose that I ever beheld. You fancy yourself in one of the choicest Art sanctuaries of a king's palace. In fact the place is the king's; it is where the royal family and court take their symphonies; it is fashionable; and admission, although not costly is a privilege. But it is always, upon these occasions, crowded to the utmost, and most miserably unventilated. The hall holds eight or nine hundred people. Nearly all the tickets are held by subscribers, mostly by families who have a sort of pre-emption right of long standing; indeed the right of subscribing is often inherited through generations in a family. As a rule all the seats upon the floor, where alone the heat and close air are endurable, are pre-occupied in this way. It is the same case with the concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris. The newcomer can only bring a ticket to the balcony, which surround the hall high up underneath the ceiling, answering chiefly the purpose of architectural ornament and serving as a sort of continuous crown or capital to the system of pilasters, which divide the arches of the four walls and which terminate in large and beautiful caryatides, like water nymphs, holding their rich arms in various graceful postures and bending their beautiful necks to uphold its weight. An exquisite, classically, chaste, light gallery to look up to from the floor, but a suffocating Tophet of a place to the poor musical enthusiast who finds a seat in it. There all air seems absolutely shut out (except the airs that vibrate with enfeebled spirit from the instruments below); and all escape of hot and dead air just as absolutely barred. Three times has your reporter's eagerness to hear the orchestra doomed him to this experience, and three times he has had better luck. The concerts are given at irregular intervals, usually on Saturday evenings, and on these occasions there is no performance at the Opera, for it is this noble orchestra which lends more than half the glory to *Fidelio*, and *Don Juan*, and the *Iphigenias*, &c., as you see them splendidly and thoroughly brought out in this theatre. I have attended five of the six concerts composing the first "cycle," and the first of the new cycle of three. These have been the programmes:

November 10.

Symphony in D.....Mozart
Overture to "Faust".....Spohr
Overture to "Athalia".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 7, in A.....Beethoven

December 22.

Overture to "Jessonda".....Spohr
Symphony in D minor. Ch. Phil. Emanuel Bach
Scherzo (G minor) from "Midsummer Night's
Dream".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 8, (F major).....Beethoven

January 21.

Overture on the Chorale: "Ein' feste Burg."
Otto Nicolai
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart
Overture to "Coriolan".....Beethoven
Sinfonia Eroica.....Do.

January 26.

Symphony in G major.....Haydn
Overture to "Anacreon".....Cherubini

Symphony No. 1 (C major).....Beethoven
Overture in "Leonore" (No. 3).....Do.

February 2.

Overture to Goethe's "Iphigenia".....Bernhard Scholz
Symphony in A major.....Mendelssohn
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Symphony No. 4, (B flat major).....Beethoven

February 11.

Symphony in E flat.....Haydn
Overture to "Vestalin".....Spontini
Overture to Byron's "Manfred".....Schumann
Symphony in C major.....Mozart

The list, it will be seen, includes principally the well-known and greatest works; particularly the best specimens of the three great symphony masters. What a pleasure it was to hear these, even from the balcony aforesaid, may be imagined when you reflect that the orchestra of eighty is perfect in all its parts; perfectly balanced; fine in every single instrument, the player of each being a finished artist "fully grown up" (as the Germans say) to every task that can legitimately come before his instrument; that they are kept in constant discipline and sympathetic play together, as severely nice and careful for the theatre work of every evening, as for the symphony of now and then; that they have one of the most experienced and admirable musicians living, TAUBERT, for a conductor; that they have royal patronage, and play before an audience as enlightened and appreciative in these things as could be anywhere assembled. These concerts, too, are not pecuniary speculations; their pay for them does not depend upon their audience; they have not to compromise the highest demands of Art and taste for popularity. All the money received from the sale of tickets goes to a fund for their widows and orphans. (In fact, very few, if any concerts are given by societies in Berlin to make money; nearly all the concerts are ostensibly for charity, or for some public cause; he who would air a new composition of his own must get musical friends to unite with him in the name of some charitable object.)

How much more pleasant it was of course, to hear the music from a good seat on the floor! There, besides a chance to breathe, you feel the magnetism of so fine a company; you may smile more or less at much that seems mere fashion, rank, convention, vanity; but there is a general average of high intelligence and character; you see it in the faces; you have the best society of Prussia about you; although in respect of personal beauty the eye misses the rich field of blossoms over which it has been wont to rove in many an American audience. There too you can fairly see and get to feel a personal interest in the orchestra; particularly in Taubert. He is the very model of a conductor in firm, gentlemanly, graceful, quiet, yet decisive manner. There is an air about the man that wins and engrosses everybody. You feel an entire confidence in him. His face is singularly interesting, full of character and kindly feeling. There is a certain something like Beethoven in it, only milder and much happier. You know from his look and his whole air that he is genial and wise, that he is true and kind. He is not a great genius, has not a very marked creative individuality as a composer; yet is he a graceful characteristic, fine composer, one of the masterly musicians, and with a right genial vein in him. It certainly was something to produce those exquisitely fanciful and quaint children's songs of his—or rather,

songs of childhood for older people. And I must own that the music of his opera of "Macbeth" afforded me a charming evening, one of beautiful and fresh sensations, little as I can now recall of it. It is true that he has not all the fire in him of some younger conductors. It is possible, it would be quite natural, that he sometimes in his comfortable and long accustomed position, should sink a little into the vice of routine. This I have heard said of him by high authority; but I must confess that so far I have not been able to see it. D.

Italian Opera.

Since our last we have had the somewhat unusual excitement of the production of a new opera of Verdi's and the debut of a new American prima donna, whose claims are perhaps stronger in respect to nationality than those of any who have preceded her, being, as we learn, American in birth and education, having received her entire musical instruction in this country. Music, to be sure, is a universal language and the birth place of her servants is of small moment, still it is pleasant to see the result of a purely home education so satisfactory and even brilliant as in the case now under notice.

ERNANI on Saturday attracted an audience that would doubtless have been a large one, had the weather been more promising. Mad. Colson appeared as Elvira, Stigelli as Ernani, Susini as Silva and Ferri as the king. The performance was an exceedingly spirited one, and was constantly rewarded by the most enthusiastic applause. Mad. Colson was never in better voice and gave us all the music of Elvira in the best manner, STIGELLI too seemed inspired to unusual efforts, even for him, who always does his best; FERRI and SUSINI looked these parts with picturesque dignity and effect, the former singing in his best manner. All the artists entered with a zeal into the performance that is a little uncommon at a "Grand gala matinée." The Finale was given with fine dramatic effect and worthily closed an uncommonly good performance of this favorite opera. The orchestra was frequently at fault, more so than is pardonable in an opera so familiar to every one. Miss ISABELLA HINCKLEY then appeared in the mad scene of Lucia. She gave much pleasure by her intelligent and in many respects effective rendering of this scene, receiving generous and well merited applause.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—To hear a new opera, hardly known yet abroad, never yet performed in London and only within a few weeks brought out in Paris, is quite an event in the operatic experience of Boston. We cannot fall back upon the received opinions of Europe as we may in the case of older works, and we surely cannot pin our faith to what the New York papers have told us. In fact, in making up our opinion we have to rely wholly upon our own impressions.

We have had two opportunities since our last, of hearing Verdi's new work; it having been given on Friday of last week and on Monday of the present week.

We have already given from other sources some sketch of the plot, which in itself is a good one, simple and easy of comprehension with but little aid from the libretto.

To be sure, the incongruities and absurdities were more than numerous, as seen by us, sitting here in Boston, in the old province of Massachusetts Bay, where the scene is laid. The scenery, the costumes the manners and customs of the people and even the surface of Nature itself, as it was represented (to say, nothing of what was beneath the surface, in that wonderful witch's cave), were ludicrous in the extreme. We doubt whether the old Province House (the mansion of our royal governors) ever saw any such fan-

tastic mummery as a masked ball, unless, in our own day, the "Minstrels" who now hold it, may have enacted one within its walls.

Setting all this aside, however, the plot is dramatic, well constructed and easily understood, and the cast was admirable. Brignoli as Ricardo, Ferri as Renato, Colson as Amelia, Adelaide Phillips as Ulrica and Miss Hinckley as Oscar, filling their respective rôles in an admirable manner that left little to be desired. Nor shall we omit to notice Barili and Dubreuil in the important parts of the two conspirators, Sam and Tom.

The impression made at the first hearing by this opera, and entirely confirmed by a second, was very satisfactory and pleasing. The music is characteristic of Verdi, of course, yet free from his more marked mannerisms and tricks of composition, free from the almost stereotyped phrases, both of melody and of instrumentation to which we have become accustomed. In fact, the Ballo in Maschera seems to mark the beginning of a new style in the works of this popular composer, and we should incline to the belief that he has taken a leaf from the experience and practice of Meyerbeer. Particularly in the treatment of certain dramatic situations are we reminded of the latter. The music of the two conspirators, who perpetually hover round the scene like birds of evil omen, recalls vividly Meyerbeer's treatment of the somewhat similar characters of the Anabaptists in the Prophet. The orchestration of the whole opera moreover, while bearing strong marks of the hand from which it came, is in a different vein. It is softer, more subdued, more varied, and the instrumental combinations are often novel, for the work of Verdi. The concerted music is remarkably beautiful, fresh and novel, especially, we might mention the trio and laughing chorus, at the end of the third act, as being ingeniously elaborated and singularly effective and dramatic, as illustrating perfectly the thing which the composer had to describe. The trio, *Odi tu come fremono*, a hurried passionate scene, is one of these passages of intense dramatic effect. The solemn dark phrases of the conspirators are always in wonderful contrast to the action and music of the other characters on the scene, and they are throughout conspicuously before the mind and the eye of the spectator. The receding voices of the conspirators and chorus as they leave the scene produce a marked effect. In strong contrast to Sam and Tom is the character of the page, Oscar, which is made very attractive by Miss Hinckley's graceful impersonation of it, and musically is very interesting from its sparkling pretty songs so different from the sombre mood of Renato and from the mysterious character of the conspirators. Indeed the whole opera is one of strongly marked contrasts. The governor and his secretary, the wife and the sorceress, the page and the conspirators, are constantly set off against each other, making a most attractive musical *chiar' oscuro*.

Each of the principal characters has beautiful solos, which we need not say with this cast were beautifully given. Very sparkling and fresh is the lovely barcarole sung by Brignoli in the cave of the witch and admirably adapted to his voice. Indeed he sings throughout this opera, evidently *con amore*. We have no space to remark upon these more fully now. The character of Ulrica is perhaps the least interesting; and the incantations of the witch came short of the proper effect, although Miss Phillips made of the part all that can be, we should imagine, which is not small praise, since Alboni, in the same character, has failed of success.

Mad. COLSON sang exquisitely and acted with her accustomed fire and grace, at the first representation, especially in the moonlight scene, but on Friday was ill, yet unwilling to disappoint the audience, did her best, although obliged to omit some of the music.

FERRI gave his part of Renato, with excellent con-

ception and artistic style. His dress was picturesque and his bearing and action exceedingly effective. He sang beautifully the air *E sei tu che macchiavi*.

In short, we have been much pleased with the new opera, and are not content with what we have heard of it. The first act is less interesting than the others but the dramatic and musical interest progress and increase gradually till the climax is reached. It certainly adds much to Verdi's reputation, is a work which does honor to him in every way, and has in it many of the elements of extended popularity and a long life.

At the first performance the theatre was packed from top to bottom, even standing places being hard to be obtained. A large audience witnessed the second performance, and many will be glad to learn that it is to be given for the third time this afternoon.

Linda di Chamounix was selected for the debut of Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, on Tuesday evening. The sweet simplicity of the young Savoyard peasant girl is easily reproduced by the powers of a young girl, coming within the sphere of her experience and not forcing her to counterfeit passions of which youth and innocence can have but small conception. The opera is thus well adapted for a debutante.

We have rarely had occasion to record a more complete and genuine success than was won by Miss Kellogg on this occasion. An entire novice upon the stage, having appeared only some half dozen times in all, coming to us almost unheralded and unpuffed, indeed almost unknown, she has stepped into the position of a public favorite, at a single bound. In person she is slender and graceful, with a pleasing face, intelligent and intellectual, rather than a beautiful one, capable of the most varied expression. Her voice is a pure high soprano, of that thin and penetrating quality that cuts the air with the keen glitter of a Damascus blade, wanting now, of course, in that volume and power which age and time will give, yet sufficient for all practical purposes; of course, furthermore, not so full in the lower register as it will be in time. She reminds us much of Adelina Patti as to the quality of her voice, and indeed in her execution, which is finished and thoroughly artistic, saving little of the novice, but worthy of the experience of a longer study and maturer age. Every thing attempted is done with admirable precision, neatness and brilliancy that leave little to be desired. In the opening cavatina, *O luce di quest' anima*, she exhibited at once these qualities, giving the air in a way that brought down the house in spontaneous applause. As she proceeded she evinced a rare dramatic talent and an apparent familiarity with the business of the stage that was truly remarkable. The grace and simplicity of manner that mark her, are, however, native and not acquired, and seem a real gift of nature. Through all the changes of the opera, she showed herself always equal to the demands of the scene, so that, as an actress, we should set her down as possessed of a rare instinct, if not, indeed, of positive genius. We do not remember any one in the character of Linda who has given it more acceptably than she.

She was admirably supported by Miss PHILLIPS as Pierotto, who eclipses all without exception who have sung this charming character, from Signora Sofia Marini in 1847, down to the present time. No one has sung the music more perfectly, no one has ever acted the character so well.

BRIGNOLI sung delightfully and we have seldom heard more marked applause than that which followed the duet between him and Miss Kellogg.

FERRI was very effective as Antonio; indeed his conception of every character that he assumes is of the highest excellence, and on this occasion his singing was unusually pleasing.

DUBREUIL made an excellent Marquis, deserving favorable notice. The only drawback to a very perfect performance was the severe hoarseness of

SUSINI, whose appearance should have been preceded by an apology, so large a part of the audience being strangers to him and his usually excellent singing. He acted however with much spirit. Miss Kellogg impresses us as an artist full of the best promise. We trust that she may not be forced too fast, nor overworked, that the freshness of her voice and the life and energy of her young nature may not be prematurely injured by labors too great or by an unwise ambition. We are glad to learn that no necessity obliges her to go upon the stage, but that a true love for art is the only impulse. The studies so well begun, it must be remembered are only begun. There is no end to study in so high an art, for a person of so much promise, to whom such high achievements seem possible.

Jamaica Plain.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

A series of three concerts at Eliot Hall in the above place has just come to a close March 7th. The kindness of a correspondent enables us to give a short account of the labors of the club in that beautiful village. Three concerts were got up by subscription through the efforts of a gentleman of Roxbury, who on similar occasions before has shown his love of music. The first concert unfortunately came on that memorable Thursday, February 7th, when a spring-like morning was followed by a night so intensely cold as to prevent a large attendance; the following nights there were full houses and enthusiastic audiences. In the second concert the club were assisted by Miss Houghton of the Old South choir, who sang two songs to great acceptance.

Of classical pieces the club played Mozart's Quintette No. 4 in D, Beethoven's Quintettes in B flat No. 6, op. 18, and in C. op. 29 entire; and the following parts of pieces: Andante and Variations from Schubert's posthumous Quartette in D minor, and the Andante and Canzonetta from the Quartette in E flat by Mendelssohn. There were arrangements from Robert Le Diable and from Don Giovanni, and overtures, besides the usual soli on the violin, violoncello, flute and clarionette, played to the great satisfaction of the audience.

PRIVATE CONCERTS.

There were last year and are going on this year musical gatherings at Jamaica Plain, which we think a good proof of the love that is borne there to good music. We say *good music* advisedly, as we happen to know several of the parties that usually entertain the company, and their taste and love for the best in music, and as we have been permitted a glance at their programmes. The first "Musical" came off on March 8th, and comprised beside some vocal and instrumental pieces by other composers, selections from Weber.

Such gatherings are pleasing evidences of the spread of musical taste among us. It is a true pleasure that cannot be replaced by any other way of enjoying music, to make music together in the home-circle. There is the delight in music, where the heart has a share too. Here around us are all those whom we love best, uniting, for the pure love of it, in the production of music. The way we play may be mediocre, it may be inferior, if judged by a critical standard. But the sweet sounds and the love flowing over in them please and elevate nevertheless. The next way of enjoying music in company is at such musical gatherings of friends and acquaintances. A little more formal, requiring somewhat more of a preparation, still social, free from the stiffness of the concert-room and genial. There is an indescribable charm in anything we have done or are doing ourselves. And thus the feeling of satisfaction makes up, in a great degree, for whatever may fall below the standard of the artist. It is a desirable way of spending evenings, very useful to the spread of good taste and commendable in the highest degree. There

may be such gatherings in other places. If so, we would be very glad to hear from them. *†

THE SACRED CONCERT.—The post of a lobby member of the legislature or of Congress may be an agreeable and useful one; that of a lobby member at the Boston Theatre, however, is neither the one nor the other. We, therefore, did not avail ourselves of the complimentary (?) ticket sent to us to the concert of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Opera troupe on Sunday last; having, moreover, a well founded distrust of such a union of uncongenial elements, performances so given having never reflected credit upon either body engaged in them.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The last concert was attended by a crowded house. Some Hercules should have cleansed out the Augean stable and purged the Music Hall from the signs of the presence of Mr. Raley's horses. We annex the programme, and regret that we have not space to give more particular notice of the performance.

1. Overture, "Dichter und Bauer," (first time) . . . Suppe.
2. Romanza, from the Opera *L'Eclair* (for Flute and Corn, Anglaise). Messrs. Ribas and Zohler.
3. Symphony No. 1. (1st time in Boston). Mendelssohn.
4. Les Preludes. Liszt.
5. Grand Ballet, from "Robert le Diable". Mendelssohn.

A. P. HEINRICH.—We translate the following from the New York *Abendzeitung*, and trust that some of Father Heinrich's friends here may be able to relieve his necessities in his sickness and old age. Further information may be had at the office of this Journal.

"There is among us an aged artist, numbering eighty years. Every reader of this paper knows him as a highly gifted musician. His many valuable manuscripts fill large trunks, and in face of these riches, the old man lies sick and without money in the second story of the house, No. 33 Bayard Street. ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH is too illustrious a person to be suffered to make his debut before the world in the character of a beggar. He has worked much and the world owes him. Will you not, my fellow citizens, liquidate part of this debt? I trust that the German-American part of our population will see to it that this venerable old man is not only relieved but done justice to."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18.—MR. SATTER seems so well satisfied with the success of his Matinees, that he repeats them weekly, and as he tries to please every class of listeners in his programmes, he is likely to continue to draw fair audiences (in two senses) for some time longer. Last Friday he produced Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony in a two hand arrangement. The very obvious difficulties of the latter he surmounted with the most perfect ease, and played the whole in just the right spirit. The Andante, particularly, was *very* beautiful, and the Scherzo a marvel of delicacy and nimbleness of finger. The Finale was so dependent on orchestral effects, that even more skilful hands could not have made it appear to entire advantage on the piano; however, it presented no drawback to the enjoyment of the whole. This number was followed by another little *bouquet*, (not "banquet," as your printer makes me say in my last) of minuets, by Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, all of them exquisitely rendered; the individuality of each brought out and contrasted with the others most truthfully.

After this came a graceful, dance-provoking waltz by Mr. Satter himself, in compliment probably, to the preponderating element in the audience, as it was called "Les Belles de New York." This being encored, Mr. Satter responded by an improvisation or Fantaisie on the Serenade and Eulogy of Tears, by

Schubert, and ended the concert by a Fantaisie on Traviata. This last was the merest show-piece, and not worthy of one who is capable of so delighting even the most critical, as Mr. Satter. Any one claiming the name of artist ought never to lower himself to please even a portion of his public. Even modern Italian Opera airs can be arranged and worked up with genius, and need not be spoiled by ornaments and variations entirely inappropriate to their character, but when these same fioriture are applied to the beautiful melodies of Schubert, or, as in the Fantaisie on the Huguenots, the sublime choral "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is dressed up in a fancy costume of roulades, trills, etc., thus being robbed of all its grandeur and solemnity, this is still less excusable. Such clap-trap performances should be beneath the dignity of one who can interpret the Pastoral and Scotch Symphonies, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26, Chopin's Improromptu and the like compositions as Mr. Satter can.

On Saturday our fourth Philharmonic Concert took place, attracting the largest audience that the Society has had this season. Even the amphitheatre was comparatively full, while below not a seat was vacant. Beethoven's ever beautiful Seventh Symphony headed the programme. Then came a novelty to us at least, in the shape of Mozart's Piano Concerto in D. major, rendered I may say to perfection, by Mr. Hoffmann. If I am not mistaken you have heard this beautiful work several times in Boston; here it was produced for the first time, and appeared to afford the greatest enjoyment to every one but a party of young ladies and gentlemen in one of the proscenium boxes, who were so persistent in carrying on a loud conversation, that only repeated and energetic hisses from all parts of the house could at last silence them. It would be advisable for these individuals, if they cannot possibly converse as well at home as at the Philharmonic concerts, to choose at least some point in the house which is less conspicuous, and not so much like a whispering-gallery, from whence the sound of their voices is carried over all the house, not even excepting the amphitheatre. The second part opened with Schumann's Overture to Genoveva, also unknown to us heretofore, and concluded with that to les Francs-Juges, by Berlioz—both very effective; but the former of more intrinsic value than the second. Between these Mr. Mollenhauer played one of his indescribable—compositions they can hardly be called—rather combinations of every possible trick and *tours-de-force* for the violin. Mr. Hoffmann played a couple of solos, the second of which, a Polonaise by Lubeck, was very effective and powerful. Both solo-players were encored with enthusiasm, and replied by short pieces. —t—

NEW YORK, MARCH 18.—MISS CECILIA RAPETTI, a daughter of the well-known violinist and opera leader, made her debut, last Monday evening, at Irving Hall, before a large audience. She is young and talented, possessing a good mezzo soprano voice with excellent low notes, and, moreover, gifted with those rich sympathetic tones which are so much more grateful to the ear than the most difficult but mechanically executed cadenza. She was very much frightened but did not show it, and she sang very well, though the selections made were poor, her principal songs being the hacknied *Aria di Sotila*, from *Traviata*, and the corresponding aria in *Troatore*. The allegro to the *Traviata* air the young vocalist omitted.

There were a great many personal friends in the room, but even without their aid, the debut would have been considered a success. To be sure one surly old music teacher went into the green-room between the parts and said that the *debutante* might do for the parlor but was wholly unfit for the concert room. But all this was bosh. Miss Rapetti is now a pleasing and delightful singer, and, with further

development of years and physical strength, will please even the surly musical teacher unless he be an obstinate idiot.

I spent a delightful hour the other day with **GUSTAVE SATTER**. He lives at 154 Waverley Place, in this city, and has a large parlor, in which the principal article of furniture is one of Steinway's grand pianos. Of this instrument Satter speaks in the highest terms. He has had it for two years, has taken it with him, by sea and by land, has visited with it various parts of both South and North America, and yet finds its tone as brilliant and gratifying as ever. This is certainly a proud testimonial for the makers of the instrument, who are now fairly rivalling the Chickerings. The Steinways, it may be remarked, are recovering from the business prostration into which all kinds of trade have been thrown during the past winter, and now give again full work to their large body of employees.

But to Satter. He plays in a private room and to one person quite as well as in a concert hall before a large audience. It was a treat indeed to hear his admirable fantasia on *La Juive* and his brilliant arrangement of *Ernani* airs in the finale of the third act was finely worked up. Then he played some pieces of his own composition and closed with a wonderfully long and difficult fugue of Handel's, composed for some festival at Westminster Palace. All these, Satter played from memory. He never uses notes when playing before any one. Unlike other eminent pianists here, he does not teach, devoting his whole time to concert giving and practise. He has taken up his permanent residence in New York.

Miss **EMMA ROWCROFT** gave a matinée concert the other day. She is a vocalist of considerable merit, and the daughter of a British ex-consul to Cincinnati. She has come to New York to settle down as a teacher, and has given one or two concerts. At her last matinée, she gave, among other things, the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, and did it very well, too.

Talking about *Dinorah* reminds me of **ADELINA PATTI**, who is singing with such acceptance in that opera at New Orleans. She has been engaged to stay there another month. Her sisters are in this city at the home of the Strakosches in 22d street. Such an ineffably musical family never was heard of. You know that Mrs. Strkosch was formerly Amalia Patti, the contralto. The sister, older than she, Clothilde Barili was Mrs. Thorne and was a good prima donna. She died some years ago. Then came Amalia. Then Carlotti Patti, who has recently appeared as a concert singer with eminent success. Then Adelina, who is a real musical wonder. The portraits of these four gifted sisters hang up, side by side, in the 22d street house.

The father of the Patis and Barilis was in early life a tenor, and was associated with Sanquirico and Palmo in one of the earliest operatic enterprises of New York. The mother was a prima donna. Then there are the two sons Ettore and Nicolo Barili, and nobody knows how many musical relatives may exist in Italy. But certainly there is no such a musical family in this country. The Strakoschs are not musical with the exception of Maurice, and he and his brother Max are the only members of that family in the country.

Musical people here are quite anxious to hear how the Ballo in Maschera will take in Boston. It is much liked here by all except a few bigots and will now draw as good a house as any other opera that can be named. Brignoli sings excellently in it, although they say that Mario in Paris, can't do anything with the part of *Ricardo*. Brignoli can.

That reminds me. Funny story about Brig. They say that he has a certain talisman or treasure which he carries about with him wherever he goes. It is not a cross of gold, nor a mystic vial, nor a

saintly relic; but the head of a buck! The animal was shot some time ago in the western wilds and Brignoli had the head stuffed, with the antlers preserved, the whole forming a unique and pleasing ornament. He is very fond of it and probably you may see it by applying to him in Boston.

There will be a number of changes in church choirs this spring. I have already notified you of the revolution in Dr. Cumming's choir, where Isadora Clark sings. At Dr. Cheever's church also, a revolution takes place. The congregation has been much weakened by repeated secessions, in consequence of the political views of the pastor, and cannot afford to keep their excellent but expensive choir, of which Mrs. Jameson, the best singer of sacred music in the city has for years been the leading soprano. At Christ church in this city where two Boston singers Mrs. Mozart and Mr. Millard form half of the choir there has also been a change, the organist, Mr. Schmidt having gone to San Francisco. His place is temporarily supplied by Mr. McKorkell, the harpist and organist. At Dr. Hague's new Madison Avenue Baptist Church, there has been a squabble, and Mr. Beals the English organist engaged there has left after playing some two months, a Mr. Thompson succeeding him. It is now-a-days quite the cheese for our resident musicians to have regular weekly reception nights at which music and talk form the entertainments. Musical soirées are also becoming more frequent in private circles. Aptommas, the harpist, has regular weekly receptions on Saturdays, and that on Saturday last is a sample of the kind. By the annexed programme, you will observe that several professional artists, the wife of the senior editor of the N.Y. Express and a number of amateur pupils of Aptommas were among the performers.

Inflammatus—Stabat Mater, Mme. De Ferrussac and chorus
"Render your Hearts".....Mr. Cook
Organ Solo—(Meditation Religieuse).....Mr. Villanova
Ave Maria (with Bach's Fugue).....Miss Gaynor
Accompanied upon the Harp, Organ and Violin, by
Messrs. Rapetti, King and Aptommas.
"Rest in the Lord"—Elijah.....Mrs. Elliott
"Pro peccatis".....Mr. J. R. Thomas
Harp Solo—Sacred.....Mr. Aptommas
Duo Religioso.....Mr. Millard and Miss
"Fac ut Portem".....Mrs. Elliott
L'Annunciation—For Harp and Organ.....
Messrs. Villanova and Aptommas
"Lord Remember David".....Mr. Millard
Cantique de Noel, (with harp and organ).....Miss Gaynor
II Preghiera—Moses in Egypt—Solos by.....
Messrs. Cook and Thomas and Mrs. Gottendorf
Accompanied on four harps by Mrs. James Brooks, and
the Misses Gaynor, Brooks and Van Buren.
Hymn—by all....."From all that dwell below the skies"

I have frequently in my letters to Dwight given gossip about church choir affairs. Let me now give a specimen of meanness on the part of a church which is well worthy of notice.

There is in this city a wealthy congregation who have recently erected a new church edifice and placed in it a splendid organ built by Erben. At the opening of the church, several other choirs and a first soprano well known in Boston, were called upon to lend them aid. A skilful English organist was chosen, and a double quartette choir engaged. Soon the leader of the choir squabbled with the bass of the auxiliary quartette, then he quarrelled with the organist who with quartette No. 2 left the church.

Now the church is rich. Remember that. There's no necessity of the trustees doing a small thing. But they did it. A distinguished organist of another church managed to get one of his pupils in the vacant place, promising himself to play at the evening services gratuitously. Thus he ensures a pupil at \$50 a quarter.

Now where's the meanness. Not so much in the teacher—not as much in the amateur pupil, but in the church trustees, who think they make a great bargain, getting an organist or two of them for a trifling sum, and thus keeping some good, deserving and perhaps needy organist out of a place which can really afford a good salary. Now, that this is a very contemptible style of economy is the opinion of

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Here with thee. (Tecco io sto.) From Verdi's
"Un ballo in maschera." 75

Duet in the second act between Richard and Amelia
(Soprano and Tenor). It is a piece of much beauty of melody and fine dramatic power, and has been unhesitatingly acknowledged here as one of the lasting gems in the opera.

O thou wert bright as op'ning day.
E. C. Sebastiani. 25

A pleasing song.

If I could change as others change. Song.
M. W. Balfe. 50

A Parlor Song, which is much admired in England, and is deserving of a wide popularity.

The man who didn't take a paper. L. Heath. 25

A pretty comic song in that happy vein which the author has so successfully touched in some previous songs, as, for instance, the "Woman's resolution," or the "Matrimonial Jars," both of which have taken immensely wherever they were performed.

Instrumental Music.

Forget me not Waltz. Arranged by
Carl Zerrahn. 50

As played twice by the Orchestral Union in their afternoon concerts. For a long time no waltz has so generally pleased, and the calls for it previous to its publication have been very numerous. It will no doubt continue popular.

Let me kiss him for his mother. Variations.
Chas. Grobe. 50

Ordway's popular air nicely varied. Of the difficulty of the "Shells of Ocean" and other popular pieces of the celebrated author.

Air d' Isabelle in "Robert le Diable." Transcription.
Otto Dresel. 50

The air of which this is an elegant arrangement opens the second act and begins in the Italian version "In vano il futo." Those teachers who are afraid to use classical music with their advanced pupils will find this an unobjectionable substitute. The treatment is thoroughly artistic, and everything arranged to the best advantage. Operatic arrangements of such intrinsic merit are rare.

Books.

DITSON & CO'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTO'S,
each 25

The librettos of twenty-three Standard Operas are now published of this admirable Series, rendered popular by their correctness of text, excellence of typography, and convenience of size. During the present season of opera in this city they have been found quite indispensable with those who sought to enjoy, understandingly, the performance; and we have no doubt that in all other localities they will be found equally desirable. They contain an Italian and English text, an epitome of the plot, and the music of all the principal airs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

